

The true lover of the art, confronted with this straightforward verse, should not let speculations about the weak rhyme or some possible imitation of Swinburne interfere with his admiration and pleasure. Even the last of the lines, a succession of weak syllables at which most versifiers would shudder, has a curious fitness to the rest. And very often the glow of passion transfuses lead into gold. The following short poem must be quoted as an example. It is the best written and at the same time the most individual of her lyrics :

I am not sure, if I knew the truth,  
 What his case or crime might be ;  
 I only know that he pleaded Youth—  
 A beautiful, golden plea.

Youth, with its sunlit, passionate eyes,  
 Its roseate, velvet skin—  
 A plea to cancel a thousand lies  
 Or a thousand nights of sin.

The men who judged him were old and grey,  
 Their eyes and their senses dim ;  
 He brought the light of a warm spring day  
 To the court-house bare and grim.

Could he plead in a lovelier way ?  
 His judges acquitted him.

Here is a perfection indeed, a matchless lotus of the East, a new and entrancing fragrance. Here too is the whole philosophy of woman. These two lines explain the hatred of German thinkers for any but the Gretchen type of maiden. This explains why women appear to some as mad revolutionaries, to others as the type of incorrigible reaction. No English judge would have been so gracious and picturesque as these legendary greybeards. " Shall the delicate machinery of our law, complicated yearly for the protection of society, be upset because the young lady is in love ?" But this poem becomes through its fine achievement the vehicle of something far deeper than a petulant or irritating sentimentality. The